



The Sultan of Turkey.

tor, from the outer world, and it is said he has received absolutely no education, like most of the sultans. A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* gives us a glimpse of the present Sultan's private life, which is most simple: "He rises at six and works with his secretaries till noon, when he breakfasts. After this he takes a drive or a row on the lake within his vast park. When he returns he gives audiences. At eight o'clock he dines, sometimes alone, not unfrequently in company with one of the ambassadors. Very often, in the evenings, he plays duets on the piano with his younger children. He dresses like an ordinary European gentleman, always wearing a frock coat, the breast of which, on great occasions, is richly embroidered and blazing with decorations. He is the first sultan who has done away with the diamond aigrettes, formerly attached to the Imperial turban or fez. The President of the United States is no more informal than the Sultan in his manner of receiving guests. He places his visitor beside him on a sofa, and himself lights the cigarette he offers him. As the Padishah is supposed to speak no language but Turkish or Arabic, his Majesty, who is a perfect French scholar, carries on conversation through a dragoman."

Few memoirs will be read with greater interest than those of Henri Rochefort, which, under the title "The Adventures of My Life," are now appearing in instalments in the Paris newspaper *Le Jour*. Henri Rochefort is one of the most curious products of revolutionary France; one of the most remarkable men of our time. He is editor of a newspaper called *L'Intransigeant*, the title meaning "no compromise." The man could not have a better motto, for that is the keynote of his career. He has never compromised; he has always waged the bitterest kind of warfare against all in power, be they kings or presidents. His whole life has been an enigma both to his enemies and his friends. It is a life made up of contradictions and inconsistencies, and his political career has been as fantastic as his life. He has been nearly everything a man can be—clerk, dramatist, journalist, sculptor, deputy, member of the

infamous Commune, and convict. Rochefort attacks everybody on principle, and when he has ruined his enemy he makes him his friend. For instance, when the late General Boulanger's star began to rise in France, Rochefort attacked "the scheming dictator;" a few months later he and Boulanger were inseparable, and for a long time *L'Intransigeant* was the official journal of the Boulangists. Rochefort was endowed by Nature with the most brilliant gifts, of which he has made the worst possible use. Who has read "La Lanterne," those marvellous pages that electrified Paris in 1868 and hastened the fall of Napoleon III., will not deny that this is a wonderful man.

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Lord Salisbury is being harshly criticised in England for permitting the wholesale slave traffic which still goes on in Zanzibar. The establishment of British authority in that state has not been followed by any diminution of the horrors of slavery. Scores of thousands of slaves, three-fourths of whom are the victims of slave raids in the interior, continue to occupy a position of absolute slavery, held in bondage by an authority which in the last resort is that of Great Britain. Indignation meetings have been held at the Mansion House, London, and the responsibility has been placed on Salisbury's shoulders.

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It is undoubtedly only by a coincidence that Julian Hawthorne, who has just won James Gordon Bennett's prize of \$10,000 for the best American novel, happens also to be the brother-in-law of George Parsons Lathrop, one of the three judges appointed by Mr. Bennett to examine the manuscripts submitted. No name is more prominent and honored in American literature than that of the elder Hawthorne, the author of "The Scarlet Letter." Julian Hawthorne, his son, was warned by Nathaniel to avoid the profession of literature as the pest, and Julian tried to carry out these wishes. He attempted various pursuits on entering life, but found none so well suited to him as that of writing—a faculty which, evidently, was in the blood. He has since gained a repu-



Henri Rochefort.



Marquis of Salisbury.





Julian Hewthorne.

tation of his own as a writer of fiction. His style is entirely his own, his philosophic strain being quite distinct from that of his father. He is also an essayist of considerable power. He is now residing in Jamaica, West Indies.

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Louise Michel, commonly called the "red virgin," is coming to America to air her anarchistic theories. This woman, in many respects a fiend in human form, has been a source of danger and trouble to the French Government for years. She has been the leading spirit in every public disturbance, and is always inciting the people to bloodshed and rebellion. Her acts during the infamous Commune would have justified her being shot when the Government troops recaptured Paris. In those horrid days she wore a man's uniform and stood at the top of the street barricades, a red flag in one hand, a revolver in the other. She urged the murder of the



Louise Michel.

hostages, the burning of the public buildings, and connived at almost every atrocity committed, and she was personally responsible for the murder of the two French generals, Clement and Thomas. She is an anarchist of the most dangerous type, and the American authorities would act wisely if they refused her permission to land here.

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M. Faure, the President of the French Republic, is being considerably discussed just now on account of his father-in-law, who, in his capacity as a lawyer, is said to have abused the confidence of his clients and would have been condemned had not M. Faure married his daughter. The marriage took place a long time after the transactions in question, and the bride came to her husband without a dowry and even burdened with debts. As, therefore, it is impossible to affirm that the president profited by his father-in-law's position, these revelations will not prejudice him in the public mind.

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Queen Victoria has just made her usual departure from Balmoral and taken up her

residence at Windsor. She continues in very good health, considering her advanced age—she will be seventy-seven this year—and gives no sign of any desire to abdicate in favor of Albert Edward, who, very probably, may die before her. Victoria is a wise and prudent queen; she knows the present trend of public opinion and sentiment as well as the most advanced free-thinker; she knows that the days of kings and queens are numbered. She has carefully kept the crown aloof from politics, and has always been successful in keeping the English radicals in good humor. She probably thinks that Albert Edward would not be so successful, which might bring about a revolution, and so, useless and absurd as she must know her office is, the Queen stays where she is in the interests of the Prince of Wales himself.

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Pres. Faure, of France.

The recent developments in the Venezuela matter have created a sensation all over the world, especially in London, where the present bold stand taken by the United States Government was little expected. It is difficult to see, at this writing, how a rupture between the two countries can be avoided, much as it would be deplored. President Cleveland, in his dignified message to Congress, voiced the sentiments of the nation when he declared that as long as this republic endures it must stand by the Monroe doctrine. England proposes to ignore this fundamental principle of our institution by seizing by force of arms territory which she claims to be hers, a claim which the Republic of Venezuela denies. The British Government refuses to submit the question to arbitration; the American Government says England shall not take possession without submitting to arbitration. One of the two countries will have to yield. England is plainly in the wrong. It must be England. It must not be the United States. Queen Victoria has often averted the horrors of war by using her royal prerogatives in influencing her government; she should do so now to prevent her sons on both sides of the Atlantic from entering upon a murderous and fratricidal strife..



Victoria R.



PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.



Robert G. Ingersoll.

SOME ill-advised Congregationalists and church societies have been advertising Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll pretty extensively lately by organizing themselves into praying committees for the conversion of the famous infidel's soul.

Apart from the ludicrous aspect of this measure it is hardly a politic one, for if the prayers have no effect and the Colonel remains as great an unbeliever as ever the faithful will be somewhat shaken in their trust in the efficacy of prayer. Liberal church people are in favor of letting heaven work out its own plan for the salvation of the Colonel's soul. They most decidedly discountenance the absurd measures proposed, which can only serve to advertise the Colonel and his lectures.

Colonel Ingersoll has devoted his life to unbelief, and has made a large income by it. He also practises as a lawyer, but the bulk of his income is derived from his lectures and his books, most of which are attacks on all existing forms of religion. Yet Ingersoll is not an atheist. He has never denied that there is a Supreme Being. He is too intelligent a man for that. He does not believe there is one. He does not believe in the God of the Christians or in the Jehovah of the Jews. His god is Nature, whose work his eye can appreciate. Doubtless there are many thousands of good people in this country who are fully persuaded that Ingersoll is a very wicked man, an unfit associate for respectable persons. There could be no greater misconception. In private life, in the bosom of his own family, Ingersoll is the most moral, the most upright of men, the best of fathers, the best of husbands. Nowhere throughout this broad land can be seen a more happy, better-conducted home than that of Robert G. Ingersoll. Ingersoll has his faults. He is often reckless in statement; he sometimes distorts passages in quotations for theatrical effect; his similes are often in questionable taste. Yet arrayed against these trifling peccadilloes, what sincerity of purpose, dogged obstinacy, beautiful oratorical power, brilliant flow of language, poetry of expression! Ingersoll would have been a far greater man in any other path of life than in that he has chosen. Religion has been his fad and his hobby. It has been a barrier to his greatness. But for that Ingersoll might have be-

come President of the United States. He may be appointed counsel to the Venezuelan commission.

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Moritz Rosenthal, the pianist, is creating a great furore in London musical circles at present. Rosenthal is the greatest technical piano-forte player alive, not excepting the famous Paderewski. He played in this country about five years ago and is coming here again next year.

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Mrs. Clio Hinton Hunecker, who recently won the \$10,000 prize for the best design of a statue of General Frémont, is now in Paris studying with the celebrated sculptor Rodin. This talented young sculptress is only twenty-four, but she has already accomplished more than most sculptors do at forty. She was a pupil of the Students' Art League, Augustus Saint Gaudens, and of her mother, Lucy Bronson Hinton. She has executed already heads of Anton Seidl, Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, Ignace Paderewski, and Cora Urquhart Potter. She has taken a studio in Paris, where she will model a head of Emma Eames and work at the heroic statue of Frémont. She is the wife of James Gibbons Hunecker, the witty and accomplished music and art critic.

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The announcement that the Pope had created the Most Reverend Francesco Satolli a prince of the church in giving him the title of cardinal came as a surprise in Roman Catholic circles. It is even hinted that in various quarters the news has not been received with much pleasure. Several of the high magnates of the Roman Catholic Church here have resented more or less openly the advent of Cardinal Satolli, who, as it will be remembered, arrived here in 1892 in the quality of apostolic delegate, and with letters from the Pope of congratulation to President Harrison, and letters to Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland commending the bearer, and intimating that extraordinary powers had been given him. Nor was it long before Satolli began to wield his ex-



Mrs. Clio Hunecker.





Cardinal Satolli.

traordinary power. He absolved the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, who had been suspended for advocating single-tax theories; the right of a priest to publish views with reference to the relation of the church and country was inferentially upheld in the case of Patrick Corrigan, who had criticised Bishop Wigger of Newark for presiding at a German Catholic conference. He also annulled the orders of Bishop Wigger and Archbishop Mutz prohibiting the administration of the sacrament to those children who attended the public schools. This censorship of the acts of the home clergy was not accepted without some murmuring, and Archbishop Corrigan became so prominent a leader of the opposition that he was forced to make a public announcement of his loyalty in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, in the presence of Cardinal Satolli and a large concourse of prominent divines. The decree from the Pope, concerning Cardinal Satolli, ran as follows:

"We command that all whom it concerns to recognize in you as apostolic delegate the supreme power of the delegating pontiff. We command that they give you aid, concurrence, and obedience in all things, receiving with reverence your salutary admonitions and orders. Whatever sentence or penalty you shall declare or inflict duly against those who oppose your authority we will ratify and, by the authority given us by the Lord, will cause to be observed inviolably until condign satisfaction be made, notwithstanding constitutions and apostolic ordinances or any other to the contrary."

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AMONG the vocal artists imported by Abbey & Grau for this year's grand opera were two or three who have great reputations as singers abroad, but who were strangers to the majority of the American public. Great expectations were formed regarding the *début* here of Lola Beeth, a Pole, who, in Europe, ranks among the best Wagnerian sopranos of the day. But expectation was disappointed. Mlle. Beeth was heard for the first time as *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," and she failed completely to

win her auditors. Since then she has been heard in other rôles with a happier result, but it is doubtful whether she will leave behind any lasting impression when she returns to Europe at the close of the present season. The reason for this is probably to be explained by the fact that New York audiences are more exacting, and expect more than audiences in other cities. The best singers in the world—French, Russian, German, Italian—are induced to come here by the large sums offered them, and so palates for mediocre talent are spoiled.

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Frances Saville likewise appeared here for the first time as *Juliet* in Gounod's opera. She achieved an immediate success. Her voice is a light soprano, and very agreeable in quality. Mlle. Saville is first soprano at the Opera Comique, Paris. Miss Saville was born in this country, although she is thought by many to be an Australian. She is a native of San Francisco, but was educated, like many other celebrated American singers, entirely abroad. Her mother was a famous prima donna and vocal instructor, so the daughter's gifts were hereditary to a certain extent. Her first appearance in public occurred three years ago in Brussels as *Juliet*, and she immediately attracted the attention of the critics and managers. Ultimately, after singing with great success in Russia, London, and Paris, she was permanently engaged at the Paris Opera Comique. She will return to Paris about the middle of January.

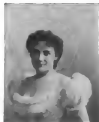
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Abd-ul-Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, is a most conspicuous gentleman in Europe just now, but before these lines appear in print it is quite possible that the Powers, or his own subjects themselves, may have forced him to abdicate in favor of his brother, Raschid Effendi, whom he keeps imprisoned in his palace. The young man is not allowed to receive a single letter, book, or newspaper, not to mention a visi-



Lola Beeth.

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Frances Saville.

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